

*THE MUTINY ON THE
FLAG* 35

the boatswain was at the wheel, while the second and third officers were on duty in the forecastle.

The crew were at their posts, ready to obey the captain's orders, for it was a matter of life and death. The slightest mistake in the handling of her, while the seas were breaking over the *Flag* as she lay half over on the port side, might have meant the end. Every effort must be made to get her up again, and then to trim tier sails so as to bring her head on to the squall.

And yet the mistake was made, not deliberately perhaps, for the ship ran the risk of foundering through it, but certainly through some misunderstanding of the captain's orders, of which an officer ought not to have been capable, if he possessed any of the instincts of a sailor.

Robert Borupt, the second officer, alone was to blame. The foretopsail, trimmed at a wrong moment, drove the ship still farther over, and a tremendous lump of water crashed over the taffrail.

"That cursed Borupt wants to sink us!" cried Captain Gould.

"He has done it!" the boatswain answered, trying to shove the tiller to starboard.

The captain leaped to the deck and

made his way
. forward, at the risk of being swept
back by the
water. After a desperate struggle he
reached the
forecastle.

" Get to your cabin ! " he shouted in a
voice of